The morning

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The morning

by TCbook

Summary

Hannibal whines louder than he believes

Notes

This is a gift for @victorine because she asked for this fluffy piece for the series

Thanks to my friend @obfuscatedheart for being my amazing beta

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Русский available: Утро by Krayn_Aletale

Hannibal woke up earlier than he usually did, Will had to go out of state for a scene, the alarm started beeping around four twenty am when not even the dawn dared to touch the sky.

Hannibal snuck his arms around Will's chest, the alpha purring in contentment and letting Hannibal hold him closer. Hannibal's nose buried into his nape, long fingers spreading over the alpha's naked chest, their legs tangled, their scents so warm between the sheets. Hannibal couldn't stop the small sound in his throat every time the raised patch of skin under his nose warmed to his touch and gave him a fresh taste of confidence, of care, of warmth in a language only mates could understand. It ripped Hannibal apart, knowing his alpha's perfection.

"I have to go, I will see you tonight ok? Have a good day at work." Will said rubbing his thumb over Hannibal's upper lip after giving him a kiss at the door, Hannibal wished him the same and waited until he could no longer see Will's car at the end of the street.

They had been living together for months now, Hannibal's house turning into their home and Will's house working as their weekend place to leave the city and the other people away.

Hannibal loved the work that Will had done to his house, his scent present in every room, creating a space for himself inside a place that was completely Hannibal's His personal belongings now part of their bedroom, clothes in the same armoires that before felt empty even if they were filled with suits, it felt so right.

Hannibal took a deep breath in the foyer brushing a hand over Will's coats before starting his day with a small sigh, lingering in the spots of their house were Will's scent was strongest, like a physical tug that Hannibal felt after being parted too soon.

Hannibal thought of that feeling while making his breakfast and later driving to his office. He had never been this physically close with someone before, never staying more than necessary, never taking a moment to appreciate the scent of his partner like he appreciated the scent of a flower, never staying the night. Never wanting to call off a day only to stay inside the warm cocoon between his mate's arms and purring at the small touches the man gave him every morning, checking that he is there, that Hannibal wants to be there. Hannibal let a small whine leave his lips before getting out of the car, thinking how perfect their bedroom was with their shared heat, their lovely touches. Thinking about the small words of praise Will gave him between kisses, licks, and nibs before making Hannibal whine at the loss.

Hannibal went through his day one patient after another, the small distress he felt from the moment Will left the bed that morning growing by the minute until he found himself scenting his tie and jacket to try to catch a hint of Will's scent to comfort the drowning feeling between his ribs. He texted Will between patients, his posture stiff through the sessions, and the alpha must have sensed something because just before taking the last patient of the day his phone rang.

"Hannibal" Will said into the phone, the background noise reminding Hannibal how far apart they were.

His voice alone made the hollow pressure in Hannibal's chest constrict his lungs and he let out a cry, the fragile facade he wore during the day crumbling with a sob, relieved that his work was done but utterly devastated for the lack of Will's presence in his office when he needed, he needed.

"Oh baby, shh, it's OK, was a long day, and you made it, it's time to go home ok darlin'? We are almost wrapping up here"

"Will, I… I just miss you I wasn't ready for you to leave this morning, I've never," Hannibal feels the knots inside his stomach move to squeeze his heart. A hiccup cutting off his words in a way he had never done for an alpha or anyone. An intimate craving he didn't know he had until Will turned his world around, left open and vulnerable after a morning cut short.

"Oh, oh my love, Hannibal, shh, it's OK, everything is going to be OK."

Will soothed him with his words, a salve to the burn of his lungs between sobs. Hannibal gathered himself to drive back home, his car smelling too much of the sour notes of his distress and too little of the lingering notes of Will from their ride home yesterday.

Hannibal felt the hair of his nape and arms stand up as soon he got inside the house. Will's scent strong after a whole day of longing for it, he took ten seconds to fill his lungs and get something to drink and to eat before going to their room. He had starved himself, he had let the need for his alpha occupy his belly and now, in a place closer to him he could get some food. Like a charm Will called again when Hannibal stepped inside the four walls that kept them safe and together every night, Hannibal answered and his heavy breath was the only thing that broke the silence.

"I'm on my way back home Hannibal, just wait for me a little more, get one of my shirts and put it on, breath me in until I'm there."

"Yes Will."

Hannibal let another pitiful sound out when Will gave him a small purr through the phone, something so intimate and yet so far away.

As soon Will hung up Hannibal dug his fingers in Will's soft pillow and pressed it to his nose and mouth. Under it was Will's pajamas, soaked enough in his scent to be irresistible to the omega, pressing it to his face, rubbing it to his neck, not enough but almost close enough to be a treat.
Hannibal cried feeling the vulnerability bloom inside their nest, completely raw without the alpha.

Hannibal started tugging at his clothes, too much of him on him, too little of what he wanted, he stripped to his underwear and dressed in Will's sleeping shirt and loose pants that clung snug to his skin, like a scented hug.

After what felt like hours Hannibal heard the main door close and the hurried steps of his alpha up the stairs, the smell of his distress hurrying Will.

Hannibal whimpered at his sight, Will was sweating after rushing to his mate, his cheeks red his scent overpowering the distressed tang in Hannibal's.

"Will, I'm sorry,"

"No, no, you did so good, so good, I'm here. I'm sorry for leaving you so early, I missed you all day," Will climbed up the bed and laid almost over Hannibal, slotting his body on top of his, a hand behind Hannibal's head guiding him to the alphas neck and then to his lips.

"I'm not used to feeling this completely undone by someone that is not myself, and even less used to bothering your day…"

"And I'm not used to feeling this important for someone either, you can always call me ok? Promise you understand that baby," Will told him parting enough to look at him in the eye.

Hannibal let himself be bodily enveloped by Will, his purr and his scent soothing every nerve ending that felt starved for him. After a day that showed him how a small thing like waking up pressed to his alpha and breathing his scent until he felt like starting his day was now something he needed, something he craved, something that he gladly did for Will, showing his vulnerable side and baring his neck. Will opened the first two buttons of his shirt to let Hannibal nuzzle in, trace the lines of his pulse, and with each thrum of the veins taking a little of the anguish that flowed through him that day.

Hannibal felt Will's hands pet over the stretched cloth of Will's pajamas and whined for the attention he craved.

"I love you." Will whispered into his hair and their scents confirmed the truth of that statement that didn't need any other words. Hannibal let himself be cuddled until his eyes weren't glassy and his purr filled the room.

His alpha was home.

End Notes

Just fluff ❤️ I hope you liked it
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